A Trip to the Dentists'
By Captain Falcon Punch
Edited By Yu May

[This story takes place after the end of "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire." In the book, Hermione is struck by a hex that causes her teeth to grow bigger and bigger. Later, Hermione boasts that when she visited the hospital wing, she allowed Madame Pomfrey to use magic to shrink her teeth more than necessary to fix her smile without the use of braces. The books make it clear that Hermione's parents, who are dentists, do not approve of Hermione using magic to fix her teeth.]

Waving goodbye to Harry and Ron, Hermione practically ran to her parent's arms from Platform Nine-and-Three-Quarters. "Mum! Dad!" she cried. "It's been such a long year!" Her fourth year at Hogwarts was over. Lord Voldermort was back, and Dumbledore had warned Hermione and Ron not to put any sensitive information into any letters they wrote to Harry. But Hermione had something else to worry about now. When she flashed a smile to her muggle parents, they froze.

"Hermione," said Mr. Granger.

"What happened to your braces?" asked Mrs. Granger.

…

Back at home, Hermione must have explained a dozen times.

"Draco Malfoy hit me with a hex! My front teeth kept growing! The braces had to come off!"

"But why are all your teeth perfect now?" they had asked, looking serious.

"Well, I went to the hospital wing and Madame Pomfrey put my teeth back to normal."

"She didn't put them back to the way they were before."

"Well, no. She had to shrink them and I just," Hermione searched for the right words, "let her carry on a bit."

"When you knew full well that we had forbidden you to use magic to fix your teeth?"

"*I* didn't use magic," protested Hermione, obstinately.

"Young lady, you know how we feel about magic replacing proper dentistry. Now, do you admit you disobeyed us?"

Hermione sighed. “Yes,” she said, holding her hands on her hips hotly. She made sure her voice sounded defiant, and that her parents knew she didn’t regret a thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Granger exchanged a glance.

“Thank you for telling us the truth, Hermione,” said Mrs. Granger.

“But we don’t appreciate that tone from you, young lady,” warned Mr. Granger. “Are you sorry for what you did?”

“I’m sorry I’ve made you angry about this,” offered Hermione bluntly.

“That’s not a real apology, Hermione,” said Mr. Granger.

“I’m afraid we’re going to have to punish you, dear,” said Mrs. Granger.

Unimpressed, Hermione nodded, waiting for the judgment.

“Go to your room,” said Mr. Granger.

“We’re going to have to spank you,” said Mrs. Granger.

…

“A spanking?” Hermione repeated the words to herself over and over again as she paced her room, holding her derrière in her hands.

“But I’m too old,” she had protested. The last time she had been spanked, she was eight years old, and in Muggle grade school. She had gotten an A- on an important test because she hadn’t studied at all. First, Mr. Granger took her over his knee and spanked her ten times, hard. Then, he left the room. A few minutes later, Mrs. Granger came in and gave Hermione her second spanking with a switch cut from the tree in the backyard. Ten times, Mrs. Granger slashed the stick across Hermione’s knickers.

Though she had been quite impish, Hermione had always been a well-behaved child who rarely needed to be spanked; even a couple smacks for misbehaving was rare. But on the even rarer occasions when she did something really bad, her punishment was always the same.

There had been the time she had run out into the road. A car had almost hit her, but something lifted her into the air and out of harm’s way at the last moment. Hermione realized later that it was because she was a witch, but her magic didn’t do anything to save her from getting spanked by both her parents.

Sometimes, her dad went first, sometimes her mom. They would both discuss the severity of her punishment while she waited nervously in her room. Then both of them would give her the exact number of smacks. She didn't know which was worse: Mr. Granger could hit harder than his wife, but Mrs. Granger didn't hesitate to spank her daughter on the knickers and often would use an implement: a hairbrush, a slipper, a wooden spoon, a ping-pong paddle, or a real paddle. (One of them was named "Chagrin" and had a smiling tooth painted on each side. They had bought the novelty at a dentists' convention, and Hermione had never told anyone that whenever she faced a boggart, it turned into Chagrin the smiling paddle.)

After she had run into the road, Mrs. Granger had used a paddle, and bared her daughter's behind before spanking her. She might do one or the other if Hermione had done something worse than usual, but that was the only time she had done both. Hermione knew she could expect her dad to spank her harder than usual as well, because the Grangers always discussed it carefully so that both spankings would be about equal. That made the whole ordeal much, much worse. Mr. Granger almost always spanked Hermione when her seat was cushioned by a skirt or jeans. That time, he had spanked Hermione on her pink knickers with her pink hairbrush, which was quite embarrassing.

They weren't really going to spank her now, were they?

After her third year, she had come dangerously close to getting one. After seeing her dismal grade on her Defense Against the Dark Arts exam, her parents had in jest threatened her with a paddling like she got when she was younger. She had protested, arguing that only Harry had done well on that exam, and that she was too old for a spanking! Still laughing, her parents agreed and let her off that time.

If she was too old for a spanking then, why wasn't she now?

She was ten when she first got her braces. Her parents warned her that she had to be responsible and take proper care of her braces. "If you don't stick with your braces, you get spanked, little lady." Four years passed, without much progress from the metal gear to show for it. But as her parents explained, even though they agreed she was getting too old for this punishment, they had to hold her to the promise she had made back then and had to keep the promise they had made to her.

A knock at the door! Biting her lip, Hermione clutched her bottom, knowing that the comfortable feeling of a non-spanked butt would soon disappear. Who would it be? Would her Mom spank her on the bare, or would Dad spank her on the knickers, or was she too old for that at least? Would they actually use "Chagrin," with the smiling, cartoon teeth still painted on the sides, or would they decide her disobedience merited the birch switch, a wooden hairbrush, or a real spanking paddle, a large one with holes to cut down wind resistance?

The door handle turned. If only her parents weren't muggles. Hermione had the power to shield her rear end, but then that would violate the laws against underage magic. It wasn't fair, she

thought. Kids in wizarding families could get away with it. Then again, if her parents were magical, they would surely recognize a shield charm. No, trying to use magic to fool her parents had gotten her into this fix in the first place. It wouldn't get her out.

The door creaked open. With her back turned to the door, Hermione didn't see who it was. She stood up straight, knowing she had to take her punishment like a mature young lady. She knew that whatever she got, she deserved. Her parents were very fair, never cruel or angry when punishing her. Fully prepared for her spanking, Hermione turned around to see what awaited her.

The End